

The second part of

Shallow Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roodes: and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

Silens Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

Shallow And how dooth my cosin your bed-fellowe? and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silens Alas, a blacke woofel, cosin Shallow.

Shallow By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my cosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Silens Indeepe sir to my cost.

Shallow A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Lusty Shallow then, cosin.

Shallow By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little John Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cottsole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Cosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about souldiers?

Shall. The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent: and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Silens We shall all follow, cosin.

Shal. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the

Psalmist

Henry the

Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not t

Shal. Death is certaine: Is olde uing yet?

Silens Dead sir.

Shal. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loue money on his head. Dead! a w twelue score, and caried you a foure teene and a halfe, that it wo good to see. How a score of Ewe

Silens Thercafter as they be, worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble de

Silens Heere come twoo of fi thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, an

Good morrow honest gentler

Bard. I beseech you, which is

Shall. I am Robert Shallow Countie, and one of the Kings I your pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, sir, com taine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gen gallant Leader.

Shall. He greets me wel, sir, I man: how doth the good knigh his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiou with a wife.

Shallow It is well sayde in fai deede too, better accommodat